

A KINDLY PEOPLE.

In form and feature Azoreans are neither so delicate nor classic as the Spanish. If Citizius Train's assertion that "Fat is unmy in the Azoreans and women are stout, plump and over fat in appearance, though glimpses now and then upon street or balcony of senoritas of face and form of a type may be seen. But the taller, more muscular men are not so romantic either, more willowy, and certainly the women are often seen among the really handsome peasantry and the lower classes of the island."

The latter, after all, furnish the most interesting studies. They are the kindest people on earth. Among the 20,000 of them

Robert Deigned no human could suffer the pain he knows danger. From the naked child playing in the gutter or in the mountains, past all manner of horrors in every calling, to the beggars who swarm in every plaza, into court or church door, to the most abandoned lost sunning himself upon the beach, or the mad who wander through the streets, caught but kindliness of the angels, there is a light in the eyes of the lowly and the high. And this look in the face of the lowly is the truest word. Make an inquiry, offer a trifling aim, request a service, bestow a gift, and every soul here in the Azores will fill his face of radiant and sunny gladness. The face of the lowly is the face of nature, beaming with a radiance of extraordinary sweetness, that the stranger's whole heart, if he have one, grows and glows in gentle content and gratitude. In the face of the lowliest pleasures of a drink to the great.

The most characteristic street-scenes are their color wholly to the lowly. The fisherfolk from whom we secure for New Bedford and Gloucester service our most valued fishermen, are more picturesque than the fishermen of other ports. The coquebais with their broad hats, broad backs, and "sweaty" foreheads' bare feet and tremendous white aprons, are a wonderful set of fellows, vulnerable to distraction, full of mighty oaths, harmless as kittens and honest beyond all else. The city brings its water from mountain lakes, so that its drinking water is pure, bubbling and sing day and night long.

MODELS FOR ARTISTS.

At every one of these old moss-covered timber stacks of bar-footed men and women standing father and son, the artist will find

ers of Ponta Delgada, and an artist can at any time of the day find as picturesque models as the Rivières can anywhere furnish. What muscular swarthy fellows they are, and what graceful attitudes and postures they assume! They carry their heads on long necks, and their gossamer bodies are supported on slender legs. They are dressed in great wooden casks and trot gaily away with their mighty loads, with the air of a mountaineer without an ounce of burden to encumber his wiry limbs. And see these Azorean great dancing eyes, positing lips ever darting and quivering, and the whole language ceaselessly running in musical language, and their supple forms ever in irrepresible movement from the boundless life within them. Their short skirts disclose limbs and feet which out rival the Venus of Cos in

symmetry. Their smart bodies
 vainly hide the rounded roundness
 under a thinning shade of blonde
 and amplitude, with full arching
 eyebrows, and crowning it such a dainty
 and implied chin as even Tuscany cannot match;
 while the line from tip of little finger up
 their brown round arms to beyond the
 implied elbow is a marvelous study in as-
 pect, and the hands are brown. But they
 have dainty dainty dainty hands, with
 oval dalled and chaste, long and
 whisk a little pad of rushes or cloth is
 tapped on their dainty shapely heads; in a
 twinkling the huge, red earthen jar, half
 tall and quite as big to rest, is resting on
 the pad; and with a song or roughish
 melody, they, tripping homeward as dainty
 and airily as in measures of the contras-
 tance or waltz. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A JEST KILLED HIM.
 How a Professional Joker Was Scared to
 Death by His Master.
 [Harill Magazine.]

Entertaining are some anecdotes told of Gonnella, Jester to Borsio, Duke of Ferrara, the fifteenth century. As Gonnella was his way to mass three blind beggars implored an alms of him. "Here is a florin for you," said the jester, "divide it among you." He gave nothing and went on. The beggars invoked blessings on him, each supposing that one of his fellows was in possession of the coin. When they wished to

The Duke of Ferrara fell ill, and the doctors declared that only a sudden fright would restore him to health. Ed was too much of a man for any one to play tricks on except his fool. Gonnella was with him in a bath, and cleverly pushed the Duke into water. Aid had been previously procured, and the Prince was drawn ashore and laid to bed. The fright and the bath and

The Duke ordered him to be beheaded, saying privately that he would only remain with a traitor if he directed the executioner not to use the ax, but to let fall a pail of water on the culprit's neck. Gonnella was led to the scaffold; all the usual song preparations were made. He was undressed and made to lay his head on the block. The executioner, from a vial, let a drop of water on Gonnella's neck, and shouts and laughter followed. The king now was higher in England than the Duke.

A Tale of Two Windmills.
[Continued from page 1.]

Kosherberg was somewhat excited a day or so ago. A stranger came there selling strotory for a patent kitchen appliance. He told so fast that a stenographer could not write one word in a dozen. He came into the room talking and went out talking, and for they know is still talking. He talked a arms of a stranger in riding five miles from him, and set a farmer's windmill go so fast that the wheel blew off.

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